

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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The Nixies

FRANK EARLE HERING, '98.

WHEN the stars in the twinkling lake
Pierce the breast of sullen night,
Pierce the gloom with shafted light,
And gleam in the ripples' wake;
Then the hawthorn trees tinct the wanton breeze,
And the blades of the marsh-grass shake,
Where the nixies play, in their grotesque way,
With the stars in the twinkling lake.

When the stars in the twinkling sky
Gleam yellow and silver and blue,
Seem orange and garnet and blue,
As a cloud-veil passes by;
Then the dews fill up the lobelia's cup
And the gentians nod and sigh,
Where the nixies play, in their grotesque way,
With the stars in their twinkling sky.

Schopenhauer: "The Vanity and Suffering of Life."



ACTION and re-action are equal but opposite in direction," seems as applicable in the philosophy of thought as in that of nature. Philosophic speculations in sociology commonly tend toward optimism or pessimism. The German philosophers of the present century belong, for the most part, to the former school. But a reaction has begun. Kant leaned toward optimism, although not to a pronounced extent. Hegel, Fichte and Schelling belonged to the Absolute School, and claimed to have attained to absolute truth. They portrayed man as semi-divine, and the future of society as necessarily good.

For several decades these philosophers led philosophic thought to a culmination in optimistic Utopias. But experience gradually taught men that the deductions of this school were not always true or satisfactory, and a growing spirit of discontent and opposition was manifested.

It was a difficult struggle for pessimism to gain recognition, and it was the more difficult as professors of the optimistic systems held the chairs of philosophy in the great universities; consequently an attack on optimism was an attack on the universities. But disciples were found in the great middle class, who, tired of hopeful but delusive fantasies, swung to the other extreme, and Schopenhauer found himself floated into popular favor on the tidal wave of pessimism.

Since the year 1845 there has been an increasing interest manifested in Schopenhauer's works, and although until recently there was only one chair of philosophy, at the University of Berlin, where pessimistic doctrines were taught, these have attained to wide vogue among the Philistines.

Schopenhauer published his "Die Welt als Wille und Verstellung" at Leipzig in 1819; but it was not until 1840 that it attracted any considerable attention. This system stands midway between Kant's and Hegel's. Kant says, "I know nothing;" Hegel, "I know everything;" Schopenhauer, "I know something." Schopenhauer disclaimed entirely the distinction between mind and matter. He held that the world is divisible into the real and ideal. The real is *ding an sich*; the ideal is the "illusory phenomenal world of sensation and thought." The real world is "Will," the ideal world is the "concrete world of actuality."

We have chosen for presentation the views of Schopenhauer on "The Vanity and Suffering of Life," and to treat it properly, it is neces-

sary to examine his doctrine of the Will. He posited two great propositions:

(1) The world is my presentation.

(2) The world is my will.

He founded his system of ethics on the first; his views of the world on the second. Consequently, we shall find our subject classified under the second proposition.

To preserve unity it may be well to give an epitome of the system. Schopenhauer's view of the world shows us his principle of action is derived from "the world is my will"; but that which is willed, he says, is never obtained. The will has no goal. There is an eternal evolution toward a goal that is never reached. This willing is evident in all nature. It begins to be prominent in sensible nature. It finds its highest expression in humanity. Humanity is an individualization of this. It is essential to man to will. A volition toward something implies the lack of something. This lack of something is the cause of pain. The wish to live is a cause of pain. According to Schopenhauer we are to picture the whole world as in want; as *willing* to have something. Is this want supplied? Here is the fundamental doctrine of pessimism.

This want is never supplied. So soon as the will for anything is supplied, the longing begins once more. To satisfy a want is to create a new one. Perfect satisfaction is *ennui* and weariness. Man is the centre of a thousand needs. He is the highest expression of the will; therefore, he is the most needy of all creatures. The will to live is not satisfied, for it ends in death. The motive of the struggle for life is a fear of death; the will or desire is pain; the satisfaction of the desire weariness, and then a repetition of everything.

There is a constant striving in the world. We see this illustrated in the simplest of all natural phenomena, gravity, which does not cease to strive and press toward a mathematical centre, to reach which would be the annihilation of both itself and matter. The existence of a plant is another such restless, dissatisfied striving through ascending forms until it culminates in seeds, which serve as the basis for new striving.

The hindrance between this ceaseless striving and attainment we call suffering; and its opposite, happiness. This striving, this discontent with one's state, is everywhere hindered, everywhere in conflict, and always in the form of suffering. If there is no ultimate end of striving, there is no cessation of suffering.

Without discussing the striving in nature, Schopenhauer turns at once to man, where suffering manifests itself in its fullest form, and where it is most easily proved. In the plant there is no sensibility, and hence no pain. The suffering of insects is limited, and reaches its highest degree in vertebrate animals which have a complete nervous system, increasing with the degree of intelligence. "In proportion as knowledge attains to distinctness, as conscience ascends, pain also increases, and thus reaches its highest degree in man." The more intelligence a man possesses the more pain he feels, and a man of genius suffers most of all. There is truth in the saying of the preacher, "Qui auget scientiam, auget et dolorem."

Willing and striving is the nature of man. Since this is true, how can life be regarded as a blessing? "If life were a blessing, the exit would not need to be guarded by such fearful sentinels as death and its terrors." Who would endure life if it were not for the pain of dying? Or who would meditate on death if life were pleasure? Thus if we regard man as a being whose life is a punishment and an expiation, we regard him in the true light. There is no pleasure in life. If the nature of man is to will and strive; if the striving expresses need and necessity, then there is pain even if we attain what we strive for. For at the moment of attainment, strife begins anew; or if we have a surplusage, we suffer from *ennui*. "Life is a pendulum swinging backward and forward between pain and *ennui*."

He maintains that this constant striving, which constitutes the inner nature of will, has its foundation in the fact that the will manifests itself as a living body, with the imperative decree to nourish it. "The body is the objectified will to live." Man, as the most complete objectification of the will, is consequently the most necessitous of beings. The life of most men is a constant struggle to sustain itself with the certainty of death. The incentive to maintain the struggle is not love of life, but fear of death. Thus we see, he says, pain is inevitable.

But concerning the will in question. Excessive suffering and keen joy always occur in the same person. Errors of hope or delusion lie at the base of extreme mental anguish. Since this is the truth, it follows that the man who suffers least is he who philosophically accepts the inevitable as it is, avoiding excessive joy and pain; for if one does not raise high hopes, the subsequent disappointment will be

less poignant. We know that pain is inevitable from countless experiences; that suffering is essential to life, and therefore part of being, nevertheless, we constantly seek external cause for it.

"All satisfaction, or what is called happiness, is essentially only negative and never positive." We feel pain, but not the lack of pain; care, but not want of care; fear but not security. We feel things positively only when they are absent. Hence the three greatest blessings of life—youth, health and freedom—are not appreciated until we have lost them. Happiness is always the gratification of a wish or a want which precedes every pleasure; with the satisfaction of the wish the pleasure ceases to be; therefore the pleasure can never be greater than the wish,—that is, pain. All we can ever know is pain; for we can only enjoy through the absence of pain. We only know pleasure,—that is, absence of pain (the negative)—when we have pain (the positive).

Art, he adds, supports this statement. Every epic and drama presents a struggle, a striving after happiness. It never represents enduring, complete happiness. The hero is led through adventures and sorrows, but the account closes at the attainment of the sought-for goal. If it continued longer it would have to record with unvarying monotony additional struggles which would immediately begin. Dante in his great creation used his own experiences to furnish material for Hell and suffering, but was compelled to construct Heaven from imaginative furnishings. "An enduring happiness is an impossibility, and can not be the subject of true art."

The life of each individual, viewed as a whole, is a tragedy; although there are some parts that may partake of comedy. The daily vexations, the mishaps of the hour, are due "to chance which is ever bent upon jest;" but the ceaseless longings, the broken hopes, suffering and death are always tragedy.

Thus, Schopenhauer claims he has shown that suffering can not be separated from life, because hopes are not capable of realization. Pleasure is negative; attainment to desire leads to *ennui*. In other words, life is suffering and vanity. Not satisfied with attempted refutations of optimistic theories, Schopenhauer holds them up to ridicule. He says: "Yet this world, the scene of tormented humanity, where increase of intelligence increases pain, has been called the best possible world!" An optimist calls attention to the shades of sunset cloud

figures and nature. These things are beautiful "to look at; but to be them!" A teleologist praises the wise construction of the universe, by virtue of which the sun heats the earth, the planets keep their orbits, and seasons succeed one another at regular intervals, but these are conditions *sine quibus non*. If the universe is to exist, it must not be so poorly put together that it can come to pieces. One may say, contends Schopenhauer, this is the worst possible world;—not the worst possible of imaginative construction, but of actual being. Earthquakes, epidemics, internecine wars, individual battle for existence, are powerful arguments in his view for this conclusion. Christ Himself did not support optimism: In the New Testament the world is represented "as a valley of tears"; life as a process of purifying and refining, and the symbol of Christianity is a symbol of torture.

Thus Schopenhauer attempted to prove that suffering is inherent in man, is part of the very idea of will, is but another name for desire. Yet Schopenhauer does not advocate suicide as a means to non-existence. Suicide, he says, is not negative, but positive. The true negative of the desire to live disavows both the pleasures and pains of life. But suicide disavows only pain. Such an act springs from egoism, the opposite of the required giving up of personality. As Schopenhauer held the doctrine of metempsychosis, suicide would not shorten the cycle of existence.

Of course there are glaring defects in this system. Yet it appeals strongly to men that lack faith in God. Some of the most apparent objections are: (1) It lowers the standard of life. (2) His assertions concerning the will—the basis of his principles—are not proved. (3) His denial of the claims of duty—because "must will" seems paradoxical—is unwarranted. (4) The distinction between will and desire is carelessly drawn; they are not synonymous; in fact, they may oppose each other. I may desire to do many things where my will is not called into action at all. (5) Finally, Schopenhauer's life does not give his system the support of firm conviction. His actions do not make the theory "support the facts of life." It is noticeable that those poets who appeal most strongly to the reasoning as well as the emotional nature, deal with suffering and pain. "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

FRANK EARLE HERING,
English, '98. Director of Athletics.

Physiology of Muscle.



IN this busy world, where all the faculties and genius of mankind are too often employed for the sole purpose of gain, little or no effort is made to develop that upon which our whole future usefulness depends,—a strong body. This development is a fundamental law of hygiene. The advance of civilization has a tendency to neglect all that pertains to physical perfection. Man's brain alone is perfected; his mind is broadened, but his body, the instrument by which the creations of his brain are manifested, is, in regard to its development, given no consideration at all.

Americans can be accredited with doing almost as much in the development of athletics as any other nation on the globe. The desire of physical supremacy seems to be an inborn inclination of our hearts. In nearly all of our colleges and universities athletics take an important part, and young men devote time to bodily as well as to mental training.

The question now arises, what are muscles and how are they developed? From a physiological standpoint, muscles are those organs endowed with the power of contraction and relaxation, which are attached to the different parts of the skeleton in such a way as to control its movements. They form a large portion of the whole mass of the body, and constitute the ruddy, fibrous flesh. Muscle, like all the rest of the human body, from a histological point of view, is made up of cells which, under the microscope, have an elongated appearance. A number of these cells taken collectively form a minute fibre of about $\frac{1}{500}$ of an inch in diameter, and are an inch or more long. Each individual fibre is surrounded by a membrane, known as the sarcolemma, which is in itself very elastic, and which allows the fibre to move freely. Several bundles of these fibres are surrounded by a tissue known as the fasciculi, and these again by the proper covering of the muscle called the perimysium. Parts of the human body which are used continually have a large blood supply, and this is true of the muscles. Surrounding and penetrating the muscles are large blood vessels whose smaller branches ramify and pass between the fibres, thus keeping the organs, where oxidation and wear is constantly going on, well supplied.

Exercise, besides strengthening, developing, and shaping the muscles, causes by their con-

traction a pressure upon the blood vessels, thus making the blood flow faster, bringing with it a greater supply of oxygen and nourishment, and carrying away and eliminating from the body carbonic acid and such compounds as would otherwise prove a detriment. For a correct development of muscle, both exercise and rest are indispensable. Neither should be indulged in to the exclusion of the other. It is as injurious to go to one extreme as another, for an over-worked muscle, like an undeveloped one, degenerates.

Our muscles, like our brain, must be exercised. Should man through idleness permit his brain to go unused, time alone would be needed to effect certain degeneration. The same thing holds as regards our bodies,—if through want of care and exercise we permit ourselves to become slothful, we are only assisting time to undermine our health, and we have before us the prospect of an early grave; for a sound mind and a weak body do not go well hand in hand.

To attempt to speak of the entire muscular system of the human body would take too much space. It is only necessary to consider those muscles which come under the observation of everyone. Perhaps the first and most important are those used in respiration. Situated between the ribs are two sets of muscles, the internal and external intercostal. The former by their downward contraction tend to pull the ribs downward, and the latter, acting in an opposite manner, lift the ribs upward. These muscles aided by the diaphragm, and the large Pectoralis Major and Pectoralis Minor muscles which extend as far downward as the fifth rib, cause the thorax to become forcibly expanded, and atmospheric pressure drives air into the lungs. Very often by proper exercise of the muscles used in breathing, the capacity of the lungs becomes greater; they themselves grow stronger, and, to a great extent, they are enabled to repel many diseases common to people whose respiratory powers are weak.

The next group for consideration are those muscles that move our arms and feet. Of the two sets I should consider the latter the most important. The Gastrocnemius, which makes up the calf of the leg, besides being a most necessary muscle, is one of the most powerful in the human body. It is attached to the lower end of the thigh bone and extends down the calf of the leg where it is fastened to the heel by means of the Tendon of Achilles.

When we take into consideration the weight of the body, and that, as every step we take, this muscle lifts our weight, we can well imagine the amount of work it is required to do, and the necessity of its proper exercise and development. Persons who do a great deal of walking, running and skating, have this muscle greatly developed, and to the quickness with which the runner can cause it to lift his body is his success and swiftness in this sport due.

Lastly are the muscles which move our arms. The principal ones are two in number, the Biceps, or the muscle that pulls up the forearm; and directly opposite it, at the rear of the arm, is its antagonist, the Triceps, which straightens the arm outward. In persons that indulge in rowing or in lifting heavy weights this Biceps muscle sometimes attains a large size, while those that take part in boxing, throwing, or any exercise which tends to pull the arm forward have the Triceps correspondingly developed. Taking it all in all, the human body is indeed a wonderful organism. All its parts are so delicately constructed, and each is made to perform its own function, yet all, like the mechanism of a clock, depend one upon another.

To mankind health is one of the most precious gifts that can be bestowed, and for it everyone is striving, but, like everything else that is good, it must be sought for. It depends almost entirely upon our own intelligent wishes whether we have health or not, and if we desire to enjoy health we must in youth abide by the laws of hygiene, for in this alone can we expect that general advance in the art of prolonging life for which the people of the present age are striving.

WILLIAM W. FITZPATRICK,
Biological, '98, Pitcher Varsity Nine.

Mollie's Music.

When Mollie plays, the ivory keys
Breathe softer sighs than April's breeze,
Which through my troubled spirit flow,
And where was night is morning's glow.
Again I hear the melodies
Of blue-birds fluting 'cross the leas,
The river's laugh, the hum of bees;
And gone is winter, dead is woe
When Mollie plays.

But oh! ye gods, what sounds are these
That interrupt my reveries?
Is Mollie *singing*? I—I must go—
My spring lies dead 'neath sleet and snow.
I think I'll smoke; but call me, please,
When Mollie *plays*. F. W. O'M.

Varsity Verse.

THE ANTYE-FOOTBALL BILL.

I AIN'T no Dan'l Webster, nor I ain't no Henery Clay,
But I tell you, boys, you showed your sense on last
Election Day,
When you sent me down to the cap'tal to represent th'
town;
Fer 'though I didn't do a lot, what I done I done up
brown.
The first few weeks o' Congress wuz worse 'n a huskin'
bee,—
They wuz all a-makin' speeches, 'n no one would listen
to *me*;
But 'long toward the end o' the session, when meetin's
wuz quiet and still,
I 'lectrified th' gol durn town with my "Antye-Foot-
ball Bill."

Maybe I didn't make things hum with that four-hour
speech o' mine!
An' maybe that place wuzn't took by storm when I
pictured 'em "buckin' th' line,"
An' told o' the mask thet th' ketcher wears an' the way
that they mangle an' kill;
But jus' 'cause th' players wear flowin' locks th' Pop'-
lists killed my Bill.

Git a new court-house? No. You see, I wuz busy both
day an' night
A-tryin' t' make them Pop'lists see they wuz wrong an'
I wuz right;
But I promise you now if I'm 'lected again I'll go to
work with a will
Them Pop'list jays t' swamp, er bust, with my "Antye-
Football Bill."

A. McD.

MY GIRLS.

My girls are numerous,
Some of them humorous,
Others can not see a joke, no matter where it falls;
Some of them are pretty girls,
Most of them are city girls,
And I have my own trouble when arranging for my calls.

First, there's my athletic girl,
Then there's my æsthetic girl,
And one that says she surely is one of the women new;
There's my candy-making girl,
And my pastry-baking girl,—
In truth, there are so many, I scarce know what to do.

But there's one I fancy most,
For she does entrance me, most,
She is tall and very stately, and she has a queenly air;
And when this lamb (myself) is lost,
This ship's (ditto) tempest-tossed,
May she be my Bo-Peep, or my harbor still and fair!

F. J. S.

THE ANSWER.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
He said to the girl with the pail of tin;
"For a larger pail," the milk-maid said,
"To put that great big chestnut in."

N. G.

Athletic's at Notre Dame.



O talk about athletic sports while our fields are still covered with drifting snow and our lakes coated with ice seems at first thought rather premature; but when we stop to consider the length of time an athlete must train that he may become a worthy representative of a special skilfulness that requires the employment of brain and muscle, we shall not wonder at the early organization of athletic teams. Of course, at this season of the year it is impossible to draw any accurate conclusion; but after looking over the field carefully, we feel at least encouraged.

This year we find among our number many new students from high schools and academies where they have made themselves known by their athletic ability. We can not, of course, depend solely on these men; and the duty at once falls upon the coach to seek others among those even less experienced. There is always a tendency among college men, especially the Freshmen, to remain in the background, instead of boldly coming forward, and offering their services to the athletic teams. For this very reason many of the best athletes in college are passed by unnoticed. Now this is not the way to obtain the best results in college athletics. Every student that has athletic pluck within his breast should respond at the first call for candidates, and thus make easy the work of coach and captains. As the weather at the present time compels the boys to seek the shelter of the gymnasium and the halls during the time allotted for recreation, they must naturally employ their time in some kind of indoor sport. For this reason the games of hand-ball and basket-ball are predominant at present. There are many clever players at these two games among the students, and many hard contests are fought.

Last year our basket-ball team met and defeated the strongest teams in this section of the state, and it was only after a long struggle that they succumbed to the Champion Young Men's Christian Association team of Chicago. That game entitled us to be classed among the leaders in basket-ball. After these two games are well under way the coach turns his attention to our Track Team. This branch of sport has, during the last few years, been on the wane; but now that there is plenty of good material for competition in this line, we are determined to

exert ourselves to bring out a track team equal to any in the Western colleges.

At present there are about twenty practising daily, and from all appearances good records will be established. Later on the team is to have the valuable services of one of our old graduate students, who while here easily held the championship in all branches of athletics. The person to whom I have reference is none other than the famous Mr. Hal Jewett. If any of the ability of this excellent athlete can be ingrafted into our track men, then Notre Dame need have no fear of losing the Western Inter-collegiate Championship.

One of the essentials in any kind of athletics is perseverance; and if the aspirant has ability, this perseverance can be brought out under careful training. An athlete is not made in a day. It requires long and steady work to accomplish the end in view, namely, to be among the foremost. The coach puts the candidates through a routine of jumping, both broad and high jumps, shot-putting, hurdle-jumping, and he pays particular attention to the men practising the short sprints, after which they are well taken care of by competent hands.

Another branch of sports in connection with our track contests is bicycling. This "event" is becoming more popular each year, and no meet, no matter how successful in regard to entries, seems complete without good bicycling. Since it has become a part of our field-sports, Notre Dame promises to fare well in this respect. The association has erected a bicycle machine for training purposes, and already several men have begun work. It is hoped that before long many more will interest themselves in it, so that next spring we may be represented by at least a quartet of players.

Next on the program come the candidates for the baseball team, in whom the students place their utmost confidence for upholding the honor of the University. Upon looking into our gymnasium one would wonder how so many candidates find room for their work, also how the coach finds time to instruct them all; but this is easily explained since every team has its appointed hour for practice.

The baseball men are largest in number, and, of course, the hardest workers among the athletic teams. The amount of training and conscientious work to be done by the men in order that they may secure the coveted positions is unimaginable. At first, light work is ordered, until the men, after a long period of inactivity, and unused to the strain required of

them, have put themselves in the first stage of good condition. This requires about two weeks, and then regular cage-work is commenced.

The number of candidates this year exceeds that of any previous year, and many of them show good form even at this early date. After a few weeks the weeding-out process will begin, and the number will be reduced to about twenty-five, from which the representative team will be chosen.

The work of securing good material for pitchers seems to be the chief difficulty in every university. There are many men among our candidates that possess the speed and curves, but lack the requisite control of the ball. It makes no difference what speed the pitcher has, if he lacks control of the ball he is like the machine lately invented for pitching purposes, not master of the situation; and as baseball is played by men possessing both brain and muscle, such a player is useless. Besides pitching he must also be able to field his position acceptably; and this requires plenty of practice. The pitcher is placed in more trying positions during a game than any other member of the team. He must be equal to the occasion when men are on bases, not only to watch the batsmen, but to keep the base-runner guessing, and in doing this he must be cool and collected at all times.

Since this season's schedule will require us to carry more than one pitcher, much of the coach's time is devoted to the development of new pitchers. The team this year will be composed of light men, and base-running will form the chief part of their work.

That Notre Dame is fast coming to the front in athletics is clearly shown by the work of her teams during the past few years. Her baseball team of last season stood among the foremost, as did her basket-ball team. It is hoped, however, that this year will bring forth athletes representing her in all branches of athletics worthy of the honor of wearing the Gold and Blue.

Manager Niezer of the track team has been admitted into the Indiana State Athletic Association, and has also made application for admission into the Western Intercollegiate Association. If admittance is gained into the last-named association, there is no doubt that at the coming spring meets the athletes wearing the Gold and Blue will breast the tape winners in many events.

MICHAEL M. POWERS,

English, '98.

Capt. Varsity Nine.

A Defence of Football.



LANCING through the papers and magazines of the present day we see discussions of many strange subjects: such as, "The Possibilities of Bottling the Sun's Light," "The Great Benefit to be gained through the Prohibition of Flirtation," "The Inhumanity of Football," and many other subjects just as trivial. As I am an ardent advocate of football, I shall endeavor to show the good in the great national game, and the absurdities of the charges brought against it.

The "reformer's" principal objections to the game arise from alleged brutality, accidents and degradation of mankind. The definition of the word "brutal," according to Webster, is cruel, or pleased to give pain to others. How can an honest man say football is brutal? Any one who has had the pleasure of witnessing a game knows, should a player meet with an accident, his opponents will gather about him: some will have him on their laps; others will be soothing the affected parts, while the remainder will try to explain how it happened. The greatest sympathy I ever saw one man show for another was on the gridiron. The players came together with great speed; one was thrown violently. The young man who did the damage felt so badly that he actually kissed his wounded opponent. I feel safe in saying that there is no man ever went into a game of football with the intention of injuring his fellow-being. It is true, he goes upon the field with a great determination. The game is exciting, as are all interesting sports; accidents may follow as a consequence; but we are not justified in calling this brutality.

It may be inferred from statistics that accidents on the football field are not so numerous as are experienced in many other sports. Take, for example, skating; the daily accidents on the ice far exceed those experienced by football players. The danger on the ice is three-fold: drowning, the contracting of severe colds and bruises caused by falling. On the gridiron we have to meet with only the heavy falls. The following statistics, taken from *The Literary Digest*, give the ratio of deaths resulting from the various athletic sports:

Swimming.....	1350
Boating.....	986
Hunting.....	654

Bicycling	264
Horseback Riding	333
Ice Boating	22
Football	11

If these figures mean anything, it is the prohibition of all athletic sports. There is no justice in suppressing football and allowing the other more dangerous sports to continue. Without football the physical side of college life would be paralyzed.

IS FOOTBALL DEGRADING?

Many a youth has gone upon the gridiron a half fool, and after playing a few months he has become a very rational fellow. To play the game a man must have a moderate temper. If he has a high temper the game will tend to moderate it. A player must submit to strict discipline. This is the first requisite for the training of any character. He must also fight a losing battle; this gives him the nerve and the courage he needs to force his way through the rough world. This trait of character is obtained in no college class-room; it must be secured by costly experience, or directly from the gridiron. Take any stubborn, ill-tempered man and put him on the football field for a year or two, and he will be as gentle and harmless as a child. His character will be that of a gentleman's; nor will his body be developed at the expense of his mind.

As a rule, people are of the opinion that football players are poor students. It is not so at Notre Dame. The average standing of the "Varsity" football player in 1897 and 1898 was nine per centum higher than the average of the general student body. The inference drawn from this must be that students had better spend their recreation at playing football instead of lounging around the smoking-room.

Let us take a glance at the character of those who are trying to suppress our manly game. Are they men of large, warm hearts? I dare say they are not. If they were they would not, without a just cause, try to deprive youth of innocent pleasure. Is it the broad-minded man who is trying to commit the sin? Were it he, his conscience, for justice' sake, would force him to put his foot on *all* sports; for there is no sport that is unaccompanied by danger. Statistics will bear me out in this assertion.

JOHN L. MULLEN,

Capt., Varsity Eleven.

Civil Engineering, 1900.

They Were Boys Again.

JIM CONLISK has promised to spend a week with me at the close of school," said Phil Shields in a letter to his father, "I know you will like him; he and I are the warmest of friends."

Phil finished the letter, and slipped out of the study-hall to find Jim. These boys had been companions since their first day at Saint Mary's College, when a young ruffian that first day thought to win the applause of some of the boys by trying to provoke a fight with Phil. Jim was standing near and interposed in his defence.

Four years afterward the boys were graduated. Jim won the class medal. Mr. Shields, a friend of the Conlisks, was present at the commencement, and told Jim that he had a good position in his store for him.

Mr. Shields was not mistaken in his estimate of the young man; and when Mr. Shields was compelled to retire from business he entrusted the firm to his son Phil and James Conlisk.

Phil had married the daughter of a banker, a beautiful woman; but her own wealth and that of her husband had tinged her disposition with pride. She and Mrs. Conlisk were friends; Mrs. Shields was the leader in society and Mr. and Mrs. Conlisk were invited on all occasions; but in the presence of so many fashionable women, Mrs. Conlisk was often neglected, although she was more accomplished than many of those present, not excepting Mrs. Shields. She would have declined many of the invitations but for her husband's business position.

Mrs. Shields gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Holland, the wife of the Governor; Mrs. Conlisk sent her regrets. Mrs. Shields was much provoked, and determined to rebuke Mrs. Conlisk for slighting her invitation. She called on Mrs. Conlisk, and asked for an explanation of her absence.

"I was not well," said Mrs. Conlisk, "and I hope you were not offended at my absence."

"Offended, indeed," said Mrs. Shields with scorn; "when I send an invitation to the wife of my husband's clerk, I— I will keep in mind your courtesy, Mrs. Conlisk."

When Shields came home that evening he found his wife crying. He had always petted her, and was blind to her faults. She told him that Mrs. Conlisk had been very unkind to her.

The same afternoon he and Conlisk had a dispute over a note that had been mislaid. The next morning he went to the office with a violent headache. His mail was on the desk. Every letter seemed to have a complaint; he was never so annoyed before. Pushing aside some papers he overturned the memorandum of the lost note. He called Conlisk into the office.

"Have you found the note?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Conlisk, "but the cashier is looking for it."

"Well, you must have it by noon; you should not have been so careless with it."

Conlisk's cheeks colored at the rebuke, but he left the office without making a reply. After three hours of ransacking the drawers and cabinets of the office, the search was given up.

"I never saw such stupidity," said Shields, when Conlisk told him it could not be found. "Your negligence is positively criminal, and when I speak to you about it you treat my remarks with contempt. Your wife too seems to have imbibed your spirit in her treatment of Mrs. Shields." Conlisk was so startled by the outburst that he could not speak.

"Why, Phil," he stammered, "you don't know what you say."

"I mean it, sir,—every word of it!" His tone and expression confirmed what he said.

Conlisk was perfectly cool now.

"Phil Shields," said he, "what you say of me requires no contradiction, and for my wife, I know she would do nothing intentionally to wrong Mrs. Shields; you must not repeat again what you have said."

Shields sprang from his chair.

"What!" exclaimed he, "do you threaten me in my own house! Leave this minute,—your position is vacant."

The next day about ten o'clock James Conlisk called at the office. Phil nodded to him, and continued with his work for some minutes. Conlisk told him he had called to settle his account. The matter was arranged with few words, and Shields wrote out a check for the amount due him.

"I suppose you will want me to point out the work to my successor for a few days?" asked Conlisk.

"Not at all, sir," replied Shields, "your position is easily filled; Thornton was placed in charge of the work this morning. Good day, Mr. Conlisk."

Conlisk was cut by the insolent remarks; he had cause to expect other treatment from Phil Shields. Since the retirement of the elder Shields almost the entire burden had rested on him, and for two years he had conducted the business alone, while Phil was at Carlsbad. He knew what the position was, and he knew that Thornton was not capable of holding it. Several positions were offered to Conlisk at salaries larger than he had received, but he declined these. He felt that the kind treatment he had received during the long service with the Shields Mercantile Co. should not be entirely forgotten; he would not use the knowledge of their business to an unfair advantage; so he opened a brokerage office, and began anew.

The panic of '93 swept the country as a scourge of the plague. The Shields Mercantile Co., whose trade extended throughout the Western states, felt keenly the effects of the

depression. Failure after failure of large debtors lost thousands of dollars to them.

Phil Shields began to give way under the strain. In this extremity he saw his fatal mistake in discharging Conlisk. Struggle as he would he felt the business slipping from his grasp, and he knew he could not hold out much longer. He went home one evening so faint he could scarcely walk. His wife was entertaining some friends at supper. One of the women made a sneering remark about Mrs. Conlisk, which caused the others to laugh. Shields became furious.

"If you women," he said, "were to your husbands what Mrs. Conlisk is to hers, there would be more happiness in a home. Hereafter her name must be respected in my house." He turned and went out of the room.

Conlisk was at supper when a visitor was announced. He went into the parlor and found Phil Shields.

"Jim," said Shields, "you are surprised to see me, I know. I came to ask you to resume your old position, or rather to assume mine. I do not deserve any favor at your hands after the shameful treatment I have given you, but you must forgive me. I listened to the silly stories of my wife when she said Mrs. Conlisk had wronged her. I know I was a fool to believe such things, and the note I blamed you for losing I found yesterday in my cabinet where I had put it myself. You shall have a salary equal to my own, and the firm shall become the Shields-Conlisk Mercantile Co."

Conlisk stood with his hand on a chair looking intently at the floor; finally he said:

"No, Phil, I can not accept your offer. I have built up a good trade in my new business and I can not leave it. As for the injury to me, that is forgotten."

"Jim," said Shields, and his thin face became paler, "listen to me: I am on the verge of ruin, you alone can save me; I am helpless. God knows I have suffered for my mistake. Don't refuse me."

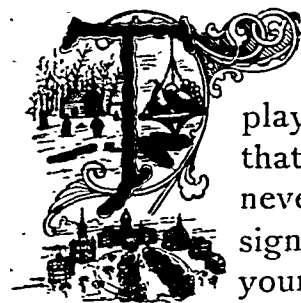
He leaned on the table to support himself. Conlisk was looking out the window; a struggle was going on within him. Why should he assume the burden of an almost bankrupt firm? He was independent, care-free, in his present position, but the sight of his friend's distress appealed to him. While he was turning these thoughts in his mind a hand was laid upon his shoulder and a hoarse voice sounded in his ear: "Jim, the one happiness of my life was my friendship for you that began in school-days when we were boys at St. Mary's. You were my protector, my dearest friend. Do you refuse that place now?" A sob broke from Phil as he finished speaking. Tears were coursing down the cheeks of Conlisk as he clasped the hands of his friend. They were boys again.

FRANK O'SHAUGHNESSY,

English 1900.

Manager, Varsity Nine.

College Football.



THE much-used maxim beginning "all work and no play," though so well known that it lacks interest, expresses, nevertheless, a great deal of significant truth. In this country young men do not take sufficient physical exercise out of doors, and this fact, to a high degree, is the cause of the narrow chests, drooping shoulders, sallow cheeks, and want of vitality and life we too frequently notice. Gymnastics and sports of all kinds have an important place in every school curriculum, in even the most humble. They are not only enjoyable and interesting to the student body, but the Faculty recognizes the fact that they are conducive to sound health, discipline and a clear brain.

The most enjoyable of all sports at almost every university is football. While it is an innocent recreation, it is a game that develops pluck, courage, endurance and strength. The element of keen and exciting competition that enters into all our out-door sports, the pitting of one player against another, of team against team have marked result for good in football.

College football to an uninitiated spectator, or more especially to a sallow-cheeked on-looker, appears brutal. Trace this man's way of living since childhood and you will find that he should be properly named "a hot-house product." In early life he neglected the cultivation of his body; probably he disliked much exertion. Perhaps his parents persuaded him not to play with the "rough boys." They are not rough. They are the boys that allow their natural inclination for play to take free course, and these are the boys that grow into a manhood that is manhood. This same gentleman is well aware that it requires strength, courage and endurance to play this national college game, and on account of his effeminate manner of living he has no idea of the vast amount of energy and strength the human body possesses when properly brought into action.

A young man who enters one of our universities, and is healthy and powerful and in the best physical condition possible, must have some kind of exercise that will relieve him of his superfluous energy. Will playing tennis or croquet supply that object? No. He must participate in exercise that requires strength. Everybody can not play football. It is only

the strong and well-built men who can expect to play the game with any degree of success, and it must be admitted that it is a valuable exercise to those that are able to play it. Mr. R. C. Lehmann saw the game between Pennsylvania and Harvard in 1896, and he remarked that he had never seen better sport. Such eminence, it would seem, should have brought forth its own laureate, for surely nothing short of actual battle so stimulates the manhood in us and warms the blood to a desire for action as our American game worthily played. Now and then, perhaps, a football player will receive a strain or a sprain, but the young man that takes part in this game is likelier to be a sound man morally and physically than the one that stays out of it.

It is a fact that football, as played in our universities, is no child's play. Men that go into it must be prepared for rough treatment. When two elevens, fairly well matched in respect to training, are pitted against each other, there is not much danger of serious accidents. The game is designed for young men that are trained to the best possible condition, and who propose to use some brawn in it as well as brain.

The physical training necessary to make a man a football player is in a negative way a moral exercise. A man that is training for football in our universities must keep early hours and lead a sober and temperate life. He is under the care of a professional trainer who will see that he does not overwork himself. If one would reach the wished-for goal—sound health, self-reliant spirit, well disciplined forces—he must pay attention to physical culture, and one of the great roads to reach this earnestly desired end is to take part in football. The result will be a "sound mind in a sound body," and a healthy and vigorous old age with all the faculties unimpaired.

JOHN W. EGGEMAN,

Law, '99.

Centre, Varsity Eleven.

An Oozy Smack.

I gave her a kiss,
And she sighed: "Ah me!
'Tis a sin to do this"—
But I gave her a kiss;
And she liked it, I wis,
Though she virtuous be,
I gave her a kiss
And she sighed "Ah me!"

W. F. O'M.

Elements of Success.

PARENTS have much to do in determining the future pursuits and success of the youth under their care. Is a trade better than a profession? a youth will often ask himself or friend. How can he choose a business or a profession in which he may be expected to succeed unless he has had actual experience with a business-life and its successes?

A parent should not be too hasty in choosing for his children. Think twice before you decide. Give him a chance to throw open his own intellect, and do not put upon his weak shoulders something that may crush down his happiness in his future and actual life. Take into account the talents, the disposition, the natural inclination of the individual's mind that is immediately concerned; for if this most important item be omitted in the parent's calculations, it is probable that if marked individuality is found in a young man the lack of parental foresight will be detrimental even when elders are striving earnestly to advance the interests of a son. In addition to these conditions the business selected should be respectable and lucrative; and when a business or a profession has been chosen let all energies be turned toward its success.

And now the question arises, what is essential for success? The youth is at work. He is no longer a boy, but a young man. Let him therefore attend to his work with diligence, with a determination to master thoroughly the task of his life. Put into it all the energy and common-sense you have, and before going too far make a few rules by which you may render your endeavors useful. Probably the first great rule—there are many good ones—is: "Live within your means." Be ready to grasp an opportunity when it presents itself, and to make the best of it. Learn to do your work thoroughly. "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well."

Many young men when starting out in life do not think of the future, of what may happen to them in the days to come. Thought for the future will suggest that you do not always work for yourself alone. Your employer has a watchful eye on you; therefore, work for his interest as well as for your own. Do not spend time just to escape idleness, to make a little money that is to be thrown away. Do not try to become a rich man in a week, or a year, or a

number of years; do not even dream of that nonsense. A rich man is not always a successful man, nor is a successful man always a rich man. But it is far better to be successful and know yourself than to be rich and to know nothing. Your salary may be small at first, but time and patience will soon increase it; and as your salary grows your capital should increase with it. Do not be discouraged if the increase is small. So long as you are gaining you are on the right road.

It is not sufficient that a young man should be active and earnest in his business life. In addition to this, he should guard against the formation of friendship with anyone in whom he can not put his trust. The world is full of men that make it their business to form false friendships with those they think they can subdue. Mr. Marshall Field says: "Seek to cultivate the acquaintance of those only whose contact and influence will kindle high purposes, as I regard the building up of a sterling character one of the fundamental principles of true success." A reputation is often marred forever by having at your side a companion that is nothing more than a living supine. "A man's character is judged by his associates" may be a platitude, but it is also a serious truth.

Honesty and devotion to duty are among the most essential elements of success. A reputation for honesty and strict attention to business make a most important part of a man's life and success in business. A man that is so reputed has earned his fortune. Be able in every way to control the passions, tongue and temper. Be their master and not their slave.

One of the most essential, yet most unfortunately disregarded elements of success, is economy. What is the cause of the so-called "hard times," too often mentioned nowadays? Extravagance on all sides. An economical young man is always prepared for a "rainy day." Much of the want that now affects the people, would never exist had they in the time of prosperity made allowance for their future days. Extravagance is too often practised by the young man of today, who is making his start in the world. He forms expensive habits, not thinking at the time that mere trifling ones are the most expensive. Purchase only what you need and can pay for. Every penny saved is much toward the establishment of a sound foundation for a future career. "It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich."

John Jacob Astor said that the saving of the first thousand dollars cost him the hardest struggle of his life. But little by little that thousand grew; and see what it came to—millions upon millions. If a young man expects to succeed in a large business, he must first learn to succeed in a small one. So also he must learn to save dimes before he learns to save dollars.

Another essential for success in business life, in fact, for success in anything, is that a young man should be manly and self-reliant. Do not be idle. Make the best of your time. A man that has high and well-cultivated principles and well-formed habits, and lives up to these, is the man that, in the end, will make himself valuable in any enterprise. Be yourself in everything; and always keep the impression upon your mind that to become rich in mere material wealth is not necessarily "success."

Too often is a man's character judged by the clothes he wears. This certainly is the height of folly and a sign of narrowness of mind. "Never judge a man by the clothes he wears; God made the man, but the tailor made the clothes." A man who is well dressed is not, on this account, a man of good character, a true gentleman, nor is a man who is poorly clad necessarily bad in character. The good or bad character of a man is not discovered from the fact that he dresses well or not. A rogue as well as a gentleman is often dressed in the finest of clothes; and it is needless to say that men, who are types of Christian manhood, do not always wear the finest clothes. So, too, the young man who has started out in hopes of making a success in life, and building up a good character, let him remember that his character does not rest in his clothes, be they good or bad. Strive above all to build up a good character that will win the good will and respect of all with whom you may come in contact.

Mr. Marshall Field, on the "Elements of Success," quotes the following words from the will of a senator that died recently: "I hope my sons will defer to and confide in my executors and trustees, and above all, that they may realize early in life that the only one thing more difficult to build up than an independent fortune, and more easily lost, is character, and that the only safeguards of character are the Ten Commandments and Christ's sermon on the mount."

NORWOOD R. GIBSON,

Elect. Engin. 1900.,

Pitcher, Varsity Nine.

The Olympic Games.



AMONG the ancients—when the garland and the palm were the height of man's ambition—the victorious athlete of Hellas could rival any mortal from king to warrior. In the little state of Greece, when she furnished so much intellectual food for mankind, we find the scholars of the world grouped thick as trees in a forest. Here architectural structures have not been excelled in all these centuries; the Grecian epic is the song of heroes, and her sculptors drew their more than mortal inspiration from the wonderful beauties of the Olympian plain.

Greece is the cradle of the athlete and the land of many gods. When her nations were bound together by friendly ties, they sent a sacred ligation, or Theoria, to offer sacrifice at the different tribal festivals. Such celebrations were held with great pomp. Their interest created a rivalry among the Grecian nations, and the athletic contests held at these meetings became more popular as the excitement grew. A spirit so opposing existed between neighbors that it awakened the curiosity of the surrounding villagers. Invitations were soon sent to all Hellenic tribes to enter the contests.

Whether this is the true origin of the Olympic games or not, is often disputed. Some historians say that they were instituted by the Idean Heracles to commemorate his victory over his four brothers in a foot-race. Their beginning is virtually lost in antiquity.

The games were held every four years, between the new and full moon first following the summer solstice. They lasted five days. In their early state, they consisted of a mere running-match called the stadium. As their popularity advanced more contests were added for the amusement of the spectators. The double stadium, or a course of four hundred yards, was added to the stadium. Boxing was another of the contests; but the Romans excelled in this art. The chariot-races, probably the most exciting of the contests, were of the twenty-fifth Olympiad. Extravagant sums of money were expended on horses, and the chariots were richly decorated. The driver, who could win the race without injury to himself or his chariot, was considered equal to the gods. The champion of the stadium had his name inscribed in the gymnasium of Olympia. Coræbus was the first to have this honor.

From his time chronologers recorded the successive Grecian events.

Those who entered the races were obliged to go through a long course of training. No one could take part in any contest unless here of pure Hellenic descent. At daybreak, the morning before the race, the athletes presented themselves at Boulenterion, where the presidents were sitting as judges. Here they had to prove themselves of Hellenic descent. They swore, over the bloody victims, that they had fitly prepared themselves by ten months' continuous training in the gymnasium and that they would use no fraud in the sacred contests. After this, they stripped and anointed themselves, then were ready for the race. At this point, their parentage and character could be challenged by anyone in the audience.

After the sixth Olympiad the only prize for each contest was a garland of wild olives; previous to this there was no fixed reward for the winner. The garland of olives was cut with a golden sickle from the Kallistephonos, the sacred tree brought by Hercules, and was placed on a table of gold and ivory. This garland was put on the head of the victor and in his hand a palm. He then went to the temple of Zeus. He was honored by friends and strangers alike, who strewed his path with flowers and gifts. The old Archilachian song was sung, and his name was inscribed in the Greek calendar.

New honors awaited him at home. If he were an Athenian, he received five hundred drachmas and free rations for life; if a Spartan he had, as a special privilege, the post of honor in battle. In some instances, altars were built and sacrifices offered to him. With the exception of the garland no honors were greater than those attending him at home. So enthusiastic were his admirers that they sometimes made a new opening in the walls of the city to let him enter. Such honors could only rival the reception of a Roman triumph.

Centuries have elapsed since those glorious days of Greece. The garland and the palm no longer possess their former renown. The true Olympian spirit has left with its heroes. Yet, in the present decade, Athens saw the revival of the Olympic games. Though modern in character, the present games resemble the ancients in the running-races; the bicycle was substituted for the chariot.

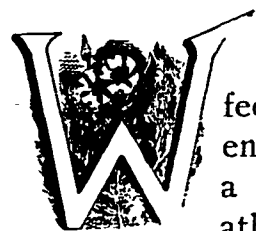
These games differ from the old ones in custom. They are not held in connection with any religious ceremony; nor are they adapted to the rules of any nation. They are open for the athletes of the world, and their effects will serve to extend the same cordial feeling among kingdoms, empires and republics as of old.

PETER E. FOLLEN,

Classical, 1900.

Rt. Field Varsity Nine.

His First Game.



WELL, I sympathize with you, old boy; I know just how you feel, I have had the same experience myself." The speaker was a tall, broad-shouldered man of athletic appearance, who had played on the Varsity champion team for years.

"You need not worry," he continued, "they are no more than men."

This last assertion seemed to impress me. I repeated it again and again. "They are no more than men, and only as many as we are," I said to myself. Still I was worried. This was to be my first game and the sickness of the left-guard was all that let me in. I could see that the players felt the absence of their old guard; for he was a mainstay to the team, and this made me feel a great responsibility. In the first place I lacked my predecessor's reputation and would be considered a valuable point for the aggressor. There was no halo of desperate tackles and fierce rushes to hold them in awe.

Furthermore the team we were to play was a very strong team. All during that season we had been startled by their remarkable deeds. They had played games with colleges we never hoped to vie with, and so wondrous was their strength that many teams out of fear had cancelled games with them.

Nevertheless we had great faith, and as the coming game was our Thanksgiving-day game we expected a hard fight. It was the talk of the campus and reading-room, and I know the probability of winning was always asserted with the condition, "if I would fill the vacant place." Thanksgiving day brought the enemy with their long hair, bloody jackets, and fierce traditions of terrible battles.

While I sat in the dressing-room restlessly swinging my legs from the long high training-table, ill omens rose before me. I could see the mass of calked shoes and head-gears rushing at me, sweeping me under them and making their gains at pleasure; then the dismayed looks of the players and disgusted coaches, as they whispered: "There is where we lose." Then how could I escape? I could not bear the blame of a lost game. Should I pretend to be hurt? No; that would be cowardly; but what could I do? Then that consoling thought again relieved me: "They are only men and we are of an equal number."

At this moment the sound of the referee's whistle dispersed all my visions. The team ran upon the gridiron amid thunderous applause. A short signal practice, the captains choose goal, and we line up to "kick off."

"Are you ready, Captains?" the officials cry.

"Ready!" is the response.

"Now, come on, boys! keep on side! down them in their tracks!" exclaims our captain with enthusiasm.

The whistle is blown; we kicked the ball, and "B" downed it on their twenty-yard line.

"We must get that ball! tear them to pieces! push them back!" is heard above all the excitement.

The ball is snapped and my vision realized. A dozen shin-guards dash at me; I plunged into them with might and main. The players dash at each other like mad buffaloes, thin striped legs, heads and calked shoes stick out of the writhing mass as if after an artillery volley.

"Down!" some one yells in half pain half anger.

"Second down four yards to gain!" shouts the umpire.

"Good work, boys! down them again!" is heard from the side lines, as the "rooters" give vent to all their suspense. Oh! what keen satisfaction I felt when I got up from under that pile, feeling kicks and blows on every part of my body, my heart swelling with confidence and pride. My hopes brightened; I was now worth two of my original self; I knew they were no more than men, and probably not so good. I began to feel that I could fill the vacant place, and we may win from the great victors. Again they charged, but to no avail. Now comes the trying moment.

"Are we to get that ball, or let them push us back?" each player asked himself.

In spite of the rain and sleet, the side-lines are crowded, and deafening shouts arise amid the flourish of colors and canes, but none of this does the player hear. I only heard the signal, and thought only how I wanted to win—how to get that ball. I saw only the ball and the men rushing at me with bodies bent low and determined looks. How they rush and push and pull—another scrimmage and the ball goes over.

Now the shouts grow deafening, but the same spirit flamed within our enemy that drove us on to success. We make three attempts almost as fruitless and lose the ball. Thus the game continues, neither side gaining.

At last we were filled with a new spirit. The fact that we were holding the enemy back was far more than we expected to do, and why could we not score? Every man seemed to think thus, for we rushed with the ball like demons, and slowly made steady gains. We scored one glorious touchdown, and time was called. The team returned to the dressing-room.

"They are not even men, are they?" said my companion, as he slapped me on the back.

"Surely no more," said I.

The second half was soon begun.

"Now kill yourselves," said our captain.

"We have not won if we let them score."

This half was almost a repetition of the first, except that it was fought harder. We soon scored another touchdown. At this point the enemy seemed to be seized with the fierceness of despair; they fought with irresistible efforts until the ball lay on our ten yard-line. The clamor rose with the excitement of the game. Here our men appeared to realize the shame of being scored against; and, making their last stubborn stand, they held them back for three downs. But the game was not yet finished. The signal for a kick was given, but the ball was blocked. It rolled toward our goal line; a dozen hands outstretched to get it, but with a long plunge I folded my arms about it, three yards from our line. Then we steadily fought them back until time was called, and Notre Dame had won her greatest victory and placed herself among the strongest teams in the West.

CHARLES M. NIEZER,

English, '99.

Stroke, Varsity Crew.

In '61.

SHE.

Say you love me,
Though oft you've told me so before,
Say you love me.
My soldier lad I shall not see,
Until this bitter war is o'er,
Mayhap I shall not see you more,—
Say you love me.

HE.

O sweetheart mine, with golden hair!
Once more I'll tell the story old.
Thy face deep in my heart I bear,
O sweetheart mine with golden hair!
I love you now, and ne'er I'll dare
To let my love for you grow cold;
O sweetheart mine with golden hair!
Once more I'll tell the story old.

J. F. F.

A Double Disappointment.



ALL the country was stirred by the excitement of the annual fox hunt. During the morning the roads were brightened by the scarlet coats of the approaching riders. Round the yard of Squire Folsom's mansion, slaves were leading hither and thither the horses of the huntsmen who were constantly arriving. From the kennels echoed the bay of the hounds, and throughout the stables sounded the neighing and pawing and champing of many horses.

In the great drawing-room, where all had gathered for a chat with the jovial squire, one group attracted special attention. In the corner of the room, where hung Stuart's painting of the squire, sat Miss Betty Folsom and her attendant admirers. The group contained three suitors—Dick Bellews, Jack Farlowe and H. Grandon Smith.

The first two were of like mould—wild and reckless, worshipped by the opposite ends of the county for the same qualities: generosity, good looks, recklessness, and last and foremost, the wild manner in which they followed the hounds. They were both confident of winning the hand of Miss Betty, and yet both resolved not to give the other the undue advantage of a *tête-à-tête*. The third lover they entirely overlooked.

Soon after dinner the master of the hounds warned all to make ready, and soon Long Meadow was enlivened by the restless horses, the hounds eagerly pressing forward, pretty women and expectant men. Down about Deacon's Hole the pack found the scent of a fox and began to yelp. A field farther on all could see the moving bunch of shining fur where the fox was heading for the underbrush. But the dogs cut between him and his retreat, and turned him down the long slope into the open valley.

Just as the dogs turned him away from safety, the first nasty jump of the run came—a high stone wall with a ditch on either side, which invited a roll in the slimy mud if the horse lost his footing. Dick and Jack sailed over like birds, but Smith faltered and hung back till he saw Miss Folsom fly past with a mocking smile. Poor Smith reddened and rode slowly home.

Late that evening the stagecoach rolled in, bearing the news that England had again declared war against America. Calls for volunteers had been made, the drivers said, in the towns along the road. Dick and Jack at once hastened to their own villages, and enlisted in the companies that their towns put in the field. By chance, maybe, or more likely by design, both saw Betty before they left for the front. She gave an indefinite answer when both avowed their love for her, and gave each a

token of remembrance. Dick took away her glove and Jack a kerchief. With happy hearts they marched away in different regiments to battle for our country, while Mr. H. Grandon Smith remained at home.

The war was short; but three years may work a multitude of changes. Neither had heard from Betty, but both had been cheered by the thought of her love. Both reasoned thus: "Although she gave me no direct answer, yet she let me hope, therefore I will succeed;" which shows how illogical lovers are.

One morning a few years later the two men met again; they brightened up at the sight of a familiar face, and shook hands. In a short time they were confiding their inmost secrets to each other. Bellews told Farlowe of his success with his love-affair, and showed the glove to him. Whereupon Farlowe waxed wroth, saying that he, Major Jack Farlowe, was her accepted lover, and demanded forthwith the transfer of the glove—which he declared stolen—into his hands. High words passed between the two, and their visit to Miss Folsom was deferred till after the duel which Dick demanded to satisfy his honor. Farlowe was not averse, and that evening their seconds made conditions.

These were soon made. They were to fight with pistols at twenty paces; to begin to fire at the fall of a handkerchief, and they were to continue firing until the surgeon declared one seriously wounded. All the conditions were agreed upon, and a duelling ground was chosen. The spot at which they were to face each other was a little green glade near Long Meadow, shut off on one side by a high stone wall and on the other by the forest.

Early next morning three groups might have been seen making their way toward the duelling ground. One consisted of Dick, his second and his servant; the second of Jack with a like retinue, the third of a couple of surgeons and their attendants. Just as the sky turned red they stepped on the ground and faced each other. At the moment the signal was given, the faint thud of horses' hoofs was heard crossing the meadow. Three shots had been fired when Bellews dropped, wounded in the groin; Farlowe, shot in the shoulder, pitched forward unsteadily to where his rival lay. At the very moment as he blanched and fell, Betty on her mare leaped the wall, followed by Smith, who carefully dismounted on the other side and climbed over. Betty alighted unassisted from her steed, ran up and said:

"Why, you poor silly boys, what made you do this?"—as if she did not know. Then, "It is too bad I did not hear about your arrival, so that I might have seen you sooner. Allow me to present my future husband," and she turned to H. Grandon Smith.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY,

Classical, '90.

Guard, Varsity Basket-Ball.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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} Reporters.

THE regular editors are responsible for this issue only in that they have given it—ink-pot, devil and all—into the hands of the *active* members of the Athletic Association. We do not presume, in writing this, to make it one with the other numbers; but present it merely as the effort of a few preoccupied with class duties and athletic work. If our articles suggest the campus rather than the candle, we ask you to remember they are personal impressions, truthfully set down, on a subject much maligned yet closely pertaining to education.

THE out-look in athletics is hopeful. We feel we are making progress; neither are we so far behind in ethics as some would have us believe. The term "purity in athletics" is merely relative at most. Reform must begin from within; not on the surface. You may drive men to hide their guilt; you can not purify their hearts if they do not will it. Proof is very good; but is "not proved, not guilty," causing the so-called professionalism to be carried on under cover? We leave this to you. That we have sinned against amateur rules we admit; we deny we have ever been great offenders. Lack of organization has been the cause of our fault, not unsound hearts. We take no part in reforming others, but devote ourselves seriously to our own perfection.

WITH most of last year's team at hand and a large number of new candidates, we anticipate a successful baseball season. Manager O'Shaughnessy has games arranged with all the leading Western universities. We are thus insured a good schedule. Faithful practice must give us a good team. We must not rest satisfied with ourselves until the season is closed. We should be determined to win every game. As we meet the best teams in the West it is not an easy matter to win every game. Certainly, only constant practice and untiring energy will ever enable us to do this. We are making great sacrifices, and we must make immense efforts to be among the big teams. We have already determined to be counted among the "Big Western Teams." This means that our merit, amateur standing and fairness must be undoubted if we would gain such admission. We have all these qualities; but we must develop them if we would be great. If we have the qualities we shall be admitted; otherwise we can not ask it.

NOW the few go daily to the "gym" to work; the many stand idly by and watch the progress of the others. Every man that has ability should be in training. Those in training must be in earnest; they are to advance us a step in Western athletics—not an easy matter.

For the many that do not train, there is much to do. A university team depends on every man in the university; not to speak of support, spirit is born in the crowd, not in the few that make up a team. We may as well be candid with ourselves. Men of the University, we are losing the spirit that is truly a part of Notre Dame's sons. Do not be deceived. The apathy that is noticeable in the average student must show itself as well in the student athlete. If we wish our teams to be plucky we must have the spirit in ourselves. Continued indifference will kill the pluck for which our teams have always been noted; which often turned defeat to victory; which made our team play such a game against Chicago last fall that the two prominent "coaches" in the West called ours the pluckiest team they had seen. This we will destroy by our apathy. We must be alive, every man of us, if we would progress. We have great things to do. Our place in athletics depends somewhat on our work this year. Shall we be cowards and lose the chance we have to be among the first? Or will we be men and go to work honestly?

Baseball.

AS yet, it is difficult, in fact almost impossible, to form a just estimate of the worth of the candidates for the Varsity of '98. The men have been at in-door work for two weeks; but the practise has been light, and it is too early to determine the ability of any of the players. The stiffness that is the natural result of a winter's rest prevents an accurate judgment. As soon as the men get back into form and the work becomes more difficult, the playing will be faster and the squad will be thinned out.

Very little pitching has been done thus far. Gibson and Fitzpatrick are ready for work, and their worth is too well known to need comment. Both should be stronger than last year, and if they are, with another good man to help them out, the pitching department of the game will be in safe hands. Where this new pitcher is, is unknown. Few candidates for the box have appeared, but there is a great opportunity for a good man.

Captain Powers, who, of course, will do most of the back-stop work is out, and playing hard. first baseman MacDonald and third baseman McNichols, of last year's team, are again in the squad. Short stop and second base are vacant. Daly, Follen and Fleming, the '97 out-field, are playing for their old positions. All the old men on the team will be kept busy defending their old places against the new comers, some of whom have reputations as fast ball-players.

The batting cage is in constant use, and a team of hitters will be developed if possible. This feature of the gym training is invaluable. It made good batters last season out of weak hitters, and it is hoped that it is as effective as ever. If the fielding keeps pace in improvement with the batting practice, an evenly-balanced team will be the result. The fielding will improve as the players become accustomed to the darkened gym.

The official averages of the veterans that played on last year's team, and are now in the squad, are as follows:

	Fielding	Batting
Daly, c. f.	1.000	.236
Fitzpatrick, p.	1.000	.000
Powers, c.	.987	.405
MacDonald, l. b.	.914	.281
Gibson, p.	.871	.214
Follen, r. f.	.800	.250
Fleming, l. f.	.733	.263
McNichols, 3 b.	.692	.333

In the squad at present, besides the old men, are Callahan, a strong batsman who has returned to college, Hesse and Wilson of the '96 team, Jerrold, Hermann, Houlihan, Duperier, Dwyer, Eggeman, Wynne, Hunter, Farley, of football fame, Meyers, Ensign, Sullivan, Donahoe and Fetherstone. So many changes are taking place in the list of candidates that it is impossible to be absolutely accurate.

Let every candidate remember that no position on the team is a sinecure; that Notre Dame wants the very best men available, and that every man with baseball talent in him is expected to come out. Then with a pull altogether, and with everybody working for the best interests of the team, the Gold and Blue will float even higher than it did in '97. Manager Frank O'Shaughnessy says concerning the schedule:

"We have games already arranged with every college in the 'Big Five.' At the meeting of the new Western Intercollegiate League held in Chicago last month, all of the representatives assured me that they were anxious to play Notre Dame, and there was no trouble securing dates with any of them. There was no chance of securing admission to the league, as a larger circuit than the one now formed would be cumbersome. Notre Dame will play two games with Michigan, one at home and the other in Ann Arbor, and with Chicago also. Several of the Western colleges have written for games, and if it is at all possible they will be accommodated."

It will be seen from this statement that Notre Dame this year will play more and better games than ever before. The good work done last year should be surpassed. We have the foundation of a winning team in the old players of last year, and with the promising material now at hand, Notre Dame should stand high in the West. Let us be loyal to the Manager, the Captain and the team. We will have clean, gentlemanly winning baseball and lots of it.

To provide room for the track candidates, afternoon baseball practise has been discontinued until after the March meet. Many of the ball players are working with the track men in the different sprints, and thus additional training will give them an advantage. Hard, earnest work will be required of every man who expects to "make the team," and the sharp competition will make each player do his best.

L. F. W.

Father Cleary's Lecture.

Last Thursday afternoon, the Rev. James Cleary, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, lectured before the students and faculty on the subject of Temperance. Father Cleary is no stranger at Notre Dame, and this fact, together with his distinguished position and his reputation as an orator, brought a large and appreciative audience to greet him in Washington Hall. The Reverend lecturer departed somewhat from the beaten track of the advocates of temperance in an effort to present the subject to the young men present in such a light as to enlist their interest and sympathy in the cause. Passing lightly over the statistical arguments on the subject, he dwelt at length upon the opportunities offered in our age and land to the college-trained young man, complimented the students upon the exceptional advantages they enjoy at Notre Dame, and then proceeded to show what an important part the principle of personal abstinence from liquor might be made to play in enabling young men to realize to the fullest their great opportunities. His discussion along these lines was listened to with the greatest interest, and was evidently a source of pleasure and profit to everybody present. In the evening a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Temperance Society was held in the Columbian room. Father Cleary was greeted very felicitously in an address of welcome by Pres. O'Shaughnessy, and in responding spoke appreciatively of the large membership of the society and the good work it is accomplishing, and expressed the hope that it would continue to grow and prosper and be a fountain of life and strength in the great cause of Catholic total abstinence. He was followed by Father Cooney, who spoke with more than usual vigor and eloquence, dwelling chiefly upon the benefits to be derived by every young man from membership in a temperance society, and illustrating his arguments by a number of those quaint and humorous anecdotes for which Father Cooney is famous. Sixteen new members took the pledge, and were added to the roll of the society, now numbering 136. The early departure of Father Cleary that evening prevented the rendition of the elaborate program in his honor which had been prepared, but the meeting was very pleasant. We hope to have the pleasure of seeing Father Cleary at no distant day at Notre Dame again.

Local Items.

—Lost.—A bunch of keys; return to C. N. Niezer, Sorin Hall.

—There will be a meeting of the Athletic Association tomorrow afternoon in the Brownson Hall reading-room at one o'clock.

—Crowley's correspondence bureau has gone into liquidation. The post office dept. were not disposed to grant the application he made, and then there were other reasons, that would make one laugh to hear them. For this they are suppressed.

—Duperier has been looking into the political actions of Bourke Cockrane and he finds that he and Bourke hold very nearly the same views. This will go a long way toward disarming the critics who have been assailing Mr. Cockrane of late.

—The great violin virtuoso, Professor John Mulline, late of the New York Symphony Club, has discovered a new harmonic which he calls the "Spasmodic Overtone." It sounds like soap being rubbed over a wash-board, and is used very effectively in his rendition of Rubenstein's melody.

—Michigan has more water on the outside than any state in the Union; in consequence the people there have an aversion to it for internal purposes. The climate of the state is very peculiar. The summers are warm and the winters are cold. This is accounted for by the fact that it lies midway between the North Pole and the Equator, and each side has an inning. Politically, the state is divided by Lake Michigan by which it is made to resemble a ham sandwich. One half is governed by Mr. Pingell, and in the other half Mr. Sheehan is the man of influence. He has been termed the Duke of Hancock, but is averse to marks of royalty. The name Michigan dates back to 1860, when the state was a huge coral of whooping redskins under the great chief "Saginaw Kid." His squaw, Luwee, received a sample of a new brand of cornmeal and had cooked a pot of mush. It happened that Saginaw Kid did not like mush, but Luwee did; and the next day when he came to dinner he got a scent of the boiling mush. He shouted: "Mush agin?" "Yep," replied the squaw, and then a tragedy happened. The name has been trimmed a little to make it fit a college song. Elections are held there whenever anybody has an idea that he wants to push along. The last election was on the issue whether to plant potatoes instead of grass in the public parks. The people showed they were practical by adopting the potato. The people of the state are called "Wolverinos;" but Mr. Weadock has an idea that the fruit crop of the state could be advertised by changing the name to "peach-arinos." This will be the subject of a state election next month.

—As soon as the rain-soaked diamond is in shape, the famous Law Team will again don their uniforms. This announcement is made to forestall, if possible, any contemplated draft by the National League. Some one has suggested that only those members of the School who have been presidents of the Class of '98 be allowed to wear the monogram. This beautiful ornament will be of green and gold, emblazoned with the glad hand and suitable for framing. O'Shaughnessy will lend his presence and a brand new bat to the enterprise (on condition that the bat is returned).

—In Moot Court Wednesday, Benjamin Black was charged with murder in the first degree. Prosecuting attorney Weadock and assistant prosecuting attorney Hoban are acting for the State, while the prisoner is defended by Messrs. Brucker, Schermerhorn and Crowley. The examination of the state's witnesses is now going on. Expert Falvey made a wonderful impression, and was well supported by Messrs. Wurzer, Murphy, Dreher and Spalding. The jury is composed of Cornell, Campbell, Pickett, Duperier, Dalton and Guilfoyle. The docket is now arranged in a very orderly manner, owing to the painstaking care of Clerk Joseph Corby.

—It's funny how many surprising things occur in Sorin Hall each week. Why, it was only a few days ago that Arce failed to get a bushel basket full of catalogues and insurance matter in one mail, and a day or so after that some one went into the smoking-room and didn't find Bill Sheehan there. On another occasion, Eggeman was seen at chapel exercise and O'Malley's name was on the Roll of Honor. Furthermore, Duffy says that he was passing the mail-box the other day, and actually found his morning paper there. He was astonished to think that some one should so far forget himself. Another surprise recorded recently was the discovery of a late magazine in the reading-room and a piece of chalk on the billiard table. Haley's neighbors are also surprised to learn that he has picked out a new chord on the guitar, and Murph wonders how he awoke in time for class the other morning. With all these surprises what may we not expect next?

—The first games of the handball series were played last Sunday in the new Carroll court. The Varsity was represented by Fleming and Donovan. The visitors were Sapp and Andrews of Chicago. It was the first contest our men have played, and they did well against the two very able players. The games were full of interest, both sides doing some clever work. After the regular set, Dillon and Confer went on against the visitors for a short game.

Andrews, besides being a handball player, is a baseball player of national reputation. He was a member of the Chicago Brotherhood team in 1890 and the New York League team

of '91. He is at present a member of the Oak Park Club, the champion semi-professional team of Illinois. The score of the games are as follows:—

Sapp and Andrews, 21—12—15.
Donovan and Fleming, 18—21—14.
Sapp and Andrews, 14.
Dillon and Confer, 15.

—The Clyborne Basket-ball team of Chicago came and conquered. The game was played on the Carroll gym last Saturday night. The visitors were the famous Olivets of last year who were second only to the Centrals in a contest between the teams of the city League of Chicago. The team work of the Clyborne was not as good as that of the team which played the week before, but their goal tossing was equal in every way. The play was exciting and vigorous from the signal, the Varsity team playing with the determination that characterized the old team of last year. The work of the officials was very fair, and the absence of any disagreeable quibbling made the game doubly interesting. The field goals were thrown by Cornell, Powers and Donovan. Powers played a good game considering that he was a new man, and with his height will make a strong man in the team. H. Weigand of the visitors was the particular star. He threw five of the eight goals from the field. He was with the ball at all times, and his splendid playing won the admiration of all. Wirth of the Clybornes threw the most difficult goal seen this year. He threw the ball almost the entire length of the hall, and scored the basket. Bauman threw the two other goals for the Clybornes. The score and players are as follows:

FIRST HALF.		
	Goals	Fouls
CLYBORNES		
H. Weigand, r. f.	2	
Bauman, l. f.	1	1
J. Weigand, c.	0	0
Bach, r. g.	0	0
Wirth, l. g.	0	0
NOTRE DAME		
Cornell, l. f.	1	0
Fennessey, r. f.	0	0
O'Shaughnessy, c.	0	2
Burns, l. f.	0	0
Steiner, r. g.	0	0
SECOND HALF.		
	Goals	Fouls
CLYBORNES		
H. Weigand, r. f.	3	0
Bauman, l. f.	1	2
J. Weigand, c.	0	0
Bach, r. g.	0	0
Wirth, l. g.	1	0
NOTRE DAME		
Donahoe, l. f.	0	0
Donovan, r. f.	1	3
Powers, c.	2	0
Geoghegan, l. f.	0	0
Steiner, r. g.	0	0
Total score: Clybornes, 19; Notre Dame, 13.		

—Some months ago, the SCHOLASTIC, ever awake to the interests of its readers, detailed a special man to investigate matters at the Klondike, and report truthfully all that he saw, heard and did. His first letter since his arrival at the Klondike has reached us in time for publication in today's issue. The name of our correspondent will be withheld for the present, but he will be known to our readers under the pen-name of Mickie Blabab.

KLONDIKE, Dec. 28, '97.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

Don't talk about cold! It's so cold here that my pen freezes to the paper and icicles even form in the air. I have to stamp my chair up and down the floor to keep the legs from freezing.

While I was in New York I chanced to meet Tommie Cavanagh coming out of the Salvation Army headquarters. He wished to be remembered to all the boys, and says he wants Medley to return that shaving cup he borrowed last year. I met two other men who claimed to be old Notre Dame students. They wanted a "hand-out"; so I took them into Delmonico's, and got each one a Bean Sandwich. Kindly charge to expense.

My journey up the Yukon was a tough one. Our boat was twice wrecked and I lost all my baggage including Reed's old serge coat that I had taken along for warm weather.

All along here, people are digging up gold by the car-load. I dug up a few nuggets with my heel the other day, but gave them to a man for a piece of cariboo.

By the way, the living is terrible here. My bed is made out of a log rounded out, and for bedclothes we use old coffee and tobacco sacks. In the daytime we turn the log over and use it for a sofa. We have only two meals a day although board is \$87 a week.

The meals are very poor and consist of antler soup, sun-browned potatoes and pinched cariboo. There are no seconds on the cariboo. In some boarding houses, they sell sun-browned potatoes, browned on one side, for \$1 per slice; brown on two sides, \$2 per slice. I don't like sun-browned potatoes.

Willie O'Brien is up here digging out gold by the hat full. Every time he unearths a nugget, he tilts his head to one side, and rubs his hands with that same characteristic satisfaction he displayed while unearthing nuggets at Notre Dame.

My next letter will be more interesting as I will then have become better acquainted in these regions. Regards to all the boys. Please, send my tooth-brush and a half-nickle's worth of frosted.

MICKIE BLABAB.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Brucker, Byrne, Carney, Corby, Corcoran, Confer, Campbell, Dowd, Duffy, Duane, Duket, Dreher, Eggeman, Eyanson, Fitzpatrick, Franey, Follen, Flynn, Foley, Fox, Geoghegan, Grady, Gilbert, Hanhauser, Hay, Haley, Hesse, Hartung, Johnson, Kessler, Kearney, Medley, W. Murphy, Mott, Miller, Mullen, Mingey, D. Meyers, J. Murphy, Monahan, Morris, McConn, McGinnis, M. McCormack, McKenzie, McDonough, Neizer, F. O'Malley, R. O'Malley, O'Sullivan, Pulskamp, Piquette, Reed, Rowan, Rahe, Sheehan, Steiner, Spaulding, Stuhlfauth, Wurzer, Weadock, Ward, Walsh, Fehr.

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